

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

TWO HUNDRED CONGRESSMEN WORRYING ABOUT ELECTIONS.

Walter Wellman's Letter from Washington Depicts the Anxieties of the Statesmen Who Don't Know Whether or Not He Will Be Returned to the Capitol.

[Special Correspondence.]  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—This is the period of discontent with our statesmen of the house of representatives. They



ROOMS OF A CONGRESSMAN.

are on the anxious seat. Something like two hundred of them are candidates for re-election, and eager, oh, so eager, to go home and get to work in the political field in which their rivals are already making hay. Scores of our congressmen have already fallen by the wayside because their constituents failed to renominate them. One of the odd phases of political life is the manner in which ambitious men are cut off in the flower of their youth for causes which, to the average mind, seem trivial and absurd. Some one has said that life is made up of the little things, and that this is true, and that political death is also the result of trivial causes, more than one statesman can testify.

Congressman Anderson, of Kansas, was not renominated because his constituents discovered that while at home he lived in a plain little house, and was a plain, blunt man who sought not the luxuries or frivolities of the world, in Washington he resided at the swiftest club in town, the Metropolitan, where the chef receives a salary of \$5,000 a year, and where expensive wines flow like water. Ambitious men in public life have to be very careful about the style of houses in which they live at the capital. It will be remembered that not many years ago Mr. Winthrop, then a senator from Minnesota and now secretary of the treasury, was retired by the people of his state because they did not like the magnificent house which he had built here for his own occupancy.

Had occasion a short time ago to ask three or four congressmen for photographs of the houses in which they live here. As their houses were luxurious and costly, I thought their natural pride would make them eager to see the pictures thereof in the newspapers. But with one accord they lifted their hands in holy horror and exclaimed: "For heaven's sake don't do that. Don't print



A CONGRESSMAN DRIVES OUT.

a picture of my house." "And why not, pray?" "Because it would ruin me in the eyes of my constituents. If they saw that I was living in a fine house they would have no further use for me." It is the same with regard to the pomp and society and in the matter of equipages. A newspaper man who was writing up the fine stables and turnouts of the capital received a note from a western congressman who has a stable to be proud of, begging that his name be omitted.

"The vast majority of my constituents," he wrote, "walk or ride in old buckboards and spring wagons. At home I use an old buckboard myself and keep but one horse. If it were to become known that at Washington I keep a stable with seven horses, five vehicles, a coachman in livery and a footman with gilt buttons they would turn me down by a majority of 5,000." Some statesmen are so cautious that they try even to keep their constituents in ignorance of their social position at the national capital. "Of course my wife is one of the leaders of society here, and it is good of you to think that she is the most popular and brilliant woman in town, and that her receptions and teas are among the few really notable social events, but please do not say so in print. Without meaning to do so you would harm my political prospects very much. The people of my state have little sympathy with that sort of thing." So said a senator to me recently.

A strange case in the same line was that of a western congressman who had entertained at his house a noted English author who recently visited America. The congressman had given his guest a dinner, attended by a large number of prominent men, and a western correspondent wanted to print something about it in his paper. "Don't do it, please," said the congressman. "The people of my district will think I am becoming an Anglo-maniac and running after the big bugs from across the water. Besides, my guest once wrote something which my good friends the Irish-Americans did not like, and if they were to hear that I had entertained him at dinner

they would be angry to turn against me."

These incidents show how careful ambitious men who depend upon the public favor for continuance in office have to be of all the little things which may in some way affect their popularity. Out in Illinois they have a tradition that years ago, just before Douglas and Lincoln appeared upon the scene, no man could be elected to congress who wore a "hired" shirt. "I have heard my father tell about the cause of defeat of the congressman in his district forty years ago," said First Comptroller Matthews, of the treasury department. "It was by accident discovered that the congressman wore a nightshirt when he went to bed, and his constituents concluded that a man who would wear a nightshirt must be an aristocrat, and they kept him at home."

Why, as late as Tom Marshall's time it was not safe for a man to wear a party collar and stand for congress. Tom Marshall's strong point was that while out campaigning he would put up with his farmer friends, eat his supper on the back porch, wash his feet in the horse trough and go to bed with the boys in the hay mow."

About the house of representatives one may pick up strange stories of the little things on which statesmen have stubbed their toes and fallen. Mr. Dunne, of Minnesota, who was in congress some years ago, was beaten for re-election because he telegraphed home, just after the passage of the hack pay bill, "Hail me and," this instruction being given to a man who was building a house for him. Hundreds of congressmen have been sacrificed to quarrels which started in contests for little seven by



TOM MARSHALL AT THE HORSE TROUGH. nine postoffices. The postoffice, indeed, is the most common congressional stumbling block. An Iowa member was beaten a few years ago because he was seen drinking a bottle of wine in the house restaurant. His prohibition constituents would not forgive him. A Georgia man was overwhelmingly rejected at the polls because it was established beyond question that while in the house he had permitted a man to call him a liar without resenting it.

James B. Weaver, the Iowa greenback and anti-monopoly leader, was once beaten for congress because of his use in a moment of weakness of a free pass sent him by the president of a railroad. A Tennessee member failed to come back because he made a habit of writing letters to his constituents with a typewriter. The typewriter was something new in those days, and his constituents said they did not want a man in congress who was too lazy to write his letters and had them printed.

It is almost pitiful to see congressmen working and studying and scheming to maintain their popularity. They sit up nights writing letters and addressing public documents. They sacrifice their self respect in telling white lies to constituents who make application to them for office and other favors. They cultivate the press of their districts with an assiduity that must in time become painful to all concerned.

As an illustration of this take Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, who was known to the Confederacy as "Fighting Little Joe." He is a poor man, and there are plenty of ambitious fellows in his district, so Wheeler works the "public document and speech racket," as members call it, for all it is worth. He has a room near the Capitol, and there he spends nearly all his time addressing documents to his constituents. When he is wanted on a call of the yeas and nays a page runs for him, and in a moment back he comes with Little Joe at his heels, running like a deer that he may not miss the last call. Often he arrives in the house breathless and perspiring.



AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

ing, just in time to gasp out a response to his name. Just now all the congressmen are hard at work sending out speeches and documents. Carloads of these campaign instruments leave the city every day, and the poor pages of the house who have to carry armfuls of agricultural reports up and down the stairs and elevators wish congress would adjourn and the statesmen go away.

A Modern Prodigal.  
A short time ago Mr. Crimp, farmer, of Milton, Devon, advertised for a laborer. A wretched, half-starved young man in rags and tatters applied for the situation, and by pleading hard obtained it. Some time after he told his master that he owned an estate in Wiltshire, and that his father was a very wealthy man. He had left home, he said, through an unpleasantness, and had been wandering about for years, barely earning subsistence. The farmer made inquiries, and visited Wiltshire to find the extraordinary story true. His laborer's father resided in an elegant mansion, beautifully situated. He had long since given up his son for dead, but immediately accompanied the farmer back to Devonshire and there found the prodigal, who would not leave his master until the latter had procured some one to take his place on the farm.—London

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### THE GIRL WHO IS ALL AFFECTATION AND NO HEART.

Girls Who Freckle—Ema Barrios and Her Diamonds—Popular Entertainers. Naming Children—How Ladies Buy Stamps—Girls' Costumes at Newport.

Hetty Carr is probably the prettiest and brightest girl in Carrollville. She reads the best books in current English and French literature, she draws with accuracy and spirit, she is a brilliant musician, she dresses with exquisite taste, and talks well and fluently. Strangers who come to the village invariably are charmed, and say it with enthusiasm. But in a few weeks they weary of her and avoid her, and among those who know her best she has not a single admirer or intimate friend.

Why is this? Hetty goes with her companions into the fields and woods, and pulls some flowers. She has no thought of any beauty or wonder in the blossom itself. Does it match her gown? Is it becoming to her face when fastened in her hair? If not she throws it down and tramples it carefully in the dust. She hears a strain of music which thrills the hearts of other listeners, and brings tears to her eyes. She only asks, "How does it suit my voice?" Will it show the flexibility of my tones? If not it is no more to her than the howling of a dog.

She was found studying a book of old history the other day, but it was to copy the costumes for her own dress. She protests her loyalty to her friends with charming vehemence in company, but she treats them with neglect when there is no audience to applaud her. She frequently walks the village street with her aged mother leaning on her arm. She has heard that it has been called a touching picture. But at home she is rude and even insolent to her. She calls herself a King's daughter, and carries flowers and soup to the poor with no thought of their need, but wholly engrossed with her own gracious appearance.

In a word all knowledge, all thoughts, all emotions are valued only by Hetty as she values flowers and ribbons—as ornaments to set off her dress. The little actress who earns her living by capering on the stage only assumes a part for an hour or two each day. But Hetty poses continually. There is no reality in her. She has made of herself a mere lay figure, which she exhibits before the crowd. She has placed beside her a part so long that she herself scarcely knows how much of herself is true and how much is false. Can any of us, looking within, find a reflection of Hetty Carr—Youth's Companion.

Girls Who Freckle. The thing for you to do is to let your face and eyes alone. They don't want to be treated with anything but water, cream and fresh Freckles are not disfiguring. On the contrary, they are rather good evidences of a delicate skin and outdoor exercise. Then, too, they are mischievous and infinitely preferable to the pimple beneath them. Of this be certain, you can't get rid of them unless you cut them out, and then your face would have to be stitched up and the seam would scar you for life. If you are weak enough to let the little chocolate spots bother you you can hide them by wearing veils during the day and powder in the evening.

Get silk tissue, because dotted nets are trying to the eyes, and select rice powder, which is as harmless as flour. Wet your face with diluted glycerine, put on all the powder consistent with taste and comfort, and when you are ready to retire remove it with a good quality of cold cream.

A young face needs nothing to beautify it. It is pretty and lovely and sweet in spite of features and blemishes, and a sprinkling of freckles only adds to its charm. Goodness and intelligence are wonderfully refining, and there never was a face so plain and severe that a sweet thought or a pleasant smile did not illumine. Make slings shots of the potted grease, cream and balm, try the merits of work, exercise, plain foods, sleep, cleanliness and pretty clothes. There is beauty in the health, health in temperance and repose, refinement in neat attire and an indefinable, irresistible charm in what a woman's smile is.

The gentle voiced, sunny hearted Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose life is a beautiful poem, says in a letter to the lady, grieving over a scoured face: "My dear, beauty is nothing; the world will only look into your eyes for the truth that lies there, the radiance of which will pale the lustre of the stars and dim the beauty of the brightest gems earth holds."—Exchange.

Mme. Barrios and Her Diamonds. Mme. Barrios, widow of the late President Barrios, of Guatemala, has one of the finest collections of diamonds among the society women. She has sixty diamond rings, and necklaces, flasks and bracelets too numerous to mention. All these jewels were heirlooms of the kingdom, and were sent to Paris and dug out of their antique settings and made into the form in which they are now worn. One of the most exquisite settings is a pointed circle of diamonds, which she wears to a public dinner on Fifth avenue. She never keeps her diamonds in the residence, but immediately she returns from a ball she has them sent to a trust company.

When she travels she hires a detective to follow her, and when she drives she has a man on the front seat, who watches her every movement. On a recent trip to Washington it was feared a beautiful diamond ring, which was her wedding ring, was lost, and as it bore the state insignia of Guatemala she was much afraid she would never recover it. However, the detectives were put on the scent. Months passed by and no news came of the ring. One day a little baby was playing near the chair in the apartment formerly occupied by the madam, and in the course of his childish explorations he dug up the state ring of Guatemala.—Cor Pittsburg Leader.

Popular Entertainers. It isn't a very artistic or ideal point of view to take of social life, but I honestly believe that more social pleasure and ease is wrought by eating and drinking than by anything else. The people most popular in social life are those who entertain bounteously. A thin sandwich and an olive and a little "dash" of chicken salad is an admirable offering to one's friends, but where there is food in abundance every body calls the affair a social success. Debutantes never eat, and they regret it and make up for lost time when several seasons have calmed the excitement of "going out."

Most men eat at an entertainment and enjoy good things immensely, and it goes without saying that all married folks find infinite satisfaction and bodily comfort in a good supper. People like to go to places where some sort of refreshment is handed round during a social visit, and the house that has its dining room always open for a passing friend is a popular one. A gentleman once said to a very popular girl here: "Please tell me what they do at your house to make all the young men there have such a good time. They tell me they are always free to drop in for a meal, that you live so delightfully—nothing particularly swell, but so nice."

"No," replied the girl, smiling. "We don't have a great many courses, or put on a great deal of style, but our friends are anxious to enjoy things. Sometimes we go

in the pantry and find nothing but cold cutlets, but they eat them with great relish."

That girl's mother is one of the most elegant and delightful housekeepers in Atlanta, and they live in absolute luxury. Of course their friends love to go there, and feel free. It is like being at a friend's house when one is hungry, and men love to be made at home. Most young bachelors board, and a hospitable home is a veritable paradise unto them.

It was the old time southern custom to offer refreshments to visitors, and the custom is one which should ever be retained.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Naming Children.

A Boston man will atone for his lack of success in life by naming his children. It is the first thing which he avows in the morning, not to mention awaking in the night sometimes overcome with a sense of shame. He is in hourly horror at school for fear the boys would call it after him in the street, and the only time that he could brace up at all was the first day that a new boy came to the school, before he had had time to find out. Even then he was oppressed with dread, and would eye the lad furtively, wondering to himself, "How soon will he find it out?"

Parents are very thoughtless about this thing. They do not look ahead and remember that it is selfish enough to invite a youngster into the world without at least asking him what he would like for a name which has to stay by him day and night and be on his tongue all the time when he makes his exit, and to live after him on a tombstone when all else of him is forgotten. It would be a kindness to number children when they are born—as Jones one and Jones two—or first Jones, second Jones, and so on, and allow the youngsters to select a name when they are old enough. Then at least they would have one thing less for which to blame mamma and papa.—Boston Home Journal.

### How Ladies Buy Stamps.

"Women who buy stamps are a queer study," continued Mr. Cusick. A woman often has no idea beyond herself and her own convenience. I had a sample case one day that will serve as a fair illustration. This woman marched up to my window in a bustling way, laid down her parcel and then placed beside it her lady's satchel. Then she opened her satchel and took out her pocketbook.

"Stamps," she said laconically.

"How many, madam?"

"I don't know. Let me count my pennies first."

"How many?" I repeated, hoping to hurry her along.

"I said that I don't know; that I must count my pennies first," and she slowly counted her pennies a couple of times and finally decided that she wanted a certain number. When she had counted the stamps she calmly moistened them on her tongue, affixed them to the letters, adjusted her hand satchel, picked up her parcel and sailed away. Meanwhile a crowd of twenty or twenty-five men had gathered at the window, and they were very mad at this woman's indifference and thoughtlessness. They had a right to be mad, too, for a man who comes to buy stamps is usually in a hurry. Of course all women are not like this one. But there are more of this kind than one would suppose.—Chicago Post.

### Girls' Costumes at Newport.

If the Newport girls are to be taken as representing the present tendency of the fashionable feminine mind there is not much danger of the mad for boyish clothes coming, any considerable dimension. The girls' costumes at Newport, both for the morning and for the afternoon, are distinctly and delightfully feminine. Although we hear occasionally of girls traveling about the mountains and along the seashore who are intent on obtaining athletic characteristics at any cost whatever, and who are exposing their complexions to the glare of the mountain sun at noonday and making up freckle patches while out bathing, the Newport maiden does not seem at all to have got any craze in this direction.

She is just as careful of her complexion as she ever was, and at least half a dozen of the girls whom I saw at one of the tennis games wore white veils over their complexions. I did see two girls who wore dark dresses, but the jackets cut in a somewhat mannish fashion and wearing light vests, but they were the only ones there, and for that reason were conspicuous. And it may be said at once that although their suits were very handsomely made they were not in point of color or trimmings with the dainty costumes of the neighboring girls.—Newport Letter.

### Pineapple for Easily Made.

Pineapple water ice is one of the most delicious, and it can be made nearly all the year around, as good pineapples are everywhere to be gotten in market. Cut a round, ripe pineapple in two. Nearly all of the pineapples are fine for this purpose excepting the Porto Rico pine. Pare and peel one-half neatly, then cut it into small pieces. Place these pieces in the mortar and pound them thoroughly to a pulp. Two minutes will suffice for this. Add half a pound of powdered sugar and pound again for ten minutes. Transfer the whole into a vessel. Squeeze in the juice of three sound lemons, then pour in a quart of cold water and mix well with a spoon for two minutes. Strain through a sieve into the freezer, adding two egg whites beaten to a stiff froth; then beat well for one minute more. Cover with the lid and freeze.—New York Times.

### Don't Believe in Pastry.

The best known woman in Dryden, N. Y., is Miss S. S. Nivison, M. D., who for the past twenty-five years has been sole proprietor of the Dryden Springs. She manages two sanitariums, the Hamontown, N. J., in winter, and the Dryden Springs, New York, in summer. She belongs to a family of doctors, and in her studies has traveled all over the world.

Miss Nivison has been in possession of the Dryden place since 1865. It contains sulphur and iron springs, which she considers the best in the world. Running through the estate is a small stream, on each bank of which the little doctor has a rose garden, containing fifty varieties, among them the green rose. It is rarely found north of Virginia. Dr. Nivison believes in the doctrine of brown bread, butter, milk, fresh fruits and eggs, one meal of meat a day, plenty of fresh spring water, prodigious indulgence in pure air, tonic, abundant sleep and the regular use of a good system of exercise. Pastry, hot bread, fried meat and ice water," she thinks, "kill more people in a year than shipwrecks, railroad accidents and gunpowder."—Exchange.

### The Senior Wrangler's Aunt.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, wife of the late Professor Henry Fawcett, of Trinity and Cambridge colleges, and aunt of the famous girl bracketed "above the Senior Wrangler," has been making speeches for the last twenty years. She is a prolific writer on political economy. She sent me a note to school because it was her husband's desire to prove that the only difference between the masculine and feminine brain is the difference in intellectual training. Mrs. Fawcett was a very common sense woman for a girl's embraces common sense.

self reliance and a high enthusiasm. Like Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward she advocates the beauty of delicacy, the strength of refinement, and the building up, lifting up of and living up to the ideal. She did not have her niece instructed in music and painting, for the very good reason that she made no account of it, although a lover of music and pictures. "I made her learn cooking and needlework because they involve woman's duties,"—Exchange.

### When Children Do Not Feel Well.

At the first sign of discontent and irritability exhibited by a child every excitement to mental activity should be at once stopped, and the child should be allowed to follow its own inclinations. If such a course is pursued there will be no peevishness exhibited. If, on the other hand, the child is spurred on to fresh endeavors it is very certain that petulance will be developed.

Sometimes there is a decided sensation of pain in the head, not amounting to what is generally called under the term "headache," but sufficiently uncomfortable to destroy that feeling of well being which all healthy constituted children experience. It seems to extend throughout the whole head, and hence it is difficult for the sufferer to locate it. There is an inability, therefore, when the question is asked where the pain is to give a satisfactory answer, except that it is somewhere in the head. Accordingly all the symptoms happens that children who complain of this pain are not believed, and are corrected for telling a falsehood.—Youth's Companion.

### Wooden Shoes for Girls.

"The fashion of wearing wooden shoes is growing into favor in this country as well as in England," said a San Francisco shoe dealer. By the aid of machinery a really neat and comfortable shoe can be made so stylishly that no young woman need be ashamed to wear it for the street. The traditional wooden shoe which we all have read about was a clumsy, hand made implement of inconvenience and noise. But now when a dainty maid trips along the streets of a pretty mountain town, with her little trotter clicking on the pavement, it makes many a foolish young heart beat warmly. The use of wooden shoes, with fresh, clean straw in them, on the stage, at church fairs and bazaar entertainments has popularized them, and now in many of the sweet little towns of England and Lancashire lassies who do not work in factories patter along the streets in the trimmest of quaint wooden foot gear, and no well bred young lover hesitates to kiss their rosy cheeks because of it.—San Francisco Examiner.

### Sleep for Women.

Sleep is, under right conditions, a wonderful tonic to the human system. Few women realize its value, and yet it is said that Patti and Laura and all the great singers and actresses and famous beauties who, like Mme. Recamier, were wondrously beautiful at an age when ordinary women retire from the festive scenes of life, have owed their well preserved beauty to sleep. A beautiful woman who at 50 has the brilliancy of youth in her eyes and skin and the animation of girlhood in her form declares that she has made it a rule all her life to retire, whenever possible, at 9 o'clock. And American women need the rest and refreshment which sleep alone can give to overworked nerves and overworked systems. If sleep is not easily induced light physical exercise should be taken nightly before retiring until the blood is directed into proper channels, and then upon getting the couch the eyelids will close naturally as those of a healthy child.—Jennens-Miller Magazine.

The "Noon Rest" is the title of an institution devised for the benefit of the business women and girls of Indianapolis by the Young Women's Christian Temperance union. It is a sort of woman's club, the rooms of which are open each day from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., where all young women who work in stores and shops are invited to spend their noon hours. Tables are provided for lunches, and milk, tea, coffee and chocolate are served for three cents a cup.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it with warm water, and then washing out with warm water and soap.

There is one thing that money cannot do—it cannot impart to its possessor that real refinement which marks the true lady or gentleman.

If you can't get a straw when you make a close of luncheon a stick of macaroni from the pantry makes a good substitute.

### Clipped by a Severed Hand.

June 30 Frederick Miller and David Heller, two employes at the furnace at the rolling mills, were killed by a premature explosion of Hercules powder while blasting out salamander from the bottom of the furnace. Miller was standing directly over the drilled hole at the time of the explosion, and was terribly torn and disfigured. Both arms were blown off. But one was found. Every effort to find the other arm proved fruitless until yesterday.

The workmen saw an object clinging to one of the stay rods that help to support and keep in position the stacks on the top of the furnace. Through curiosity they climbed up to the top, and they saw a sight that not only filled them with horror but with wonder. There in full sight of all was a man's hand with only the stub of an arm attached tightly clasping the rod above mentioned.

There can be no doubt but that the hand is that of the unfortunate Miller. The only theory known for the strange freak of the bodiless hand is that the hand was blown out of the top of the high stack, and in coming down the muscles, still active, contracted when the hand struck the rod and fastened to it with a deadly grip. From the position in which Miller was standing the hand could not have reached the position it occupied other than in the above manner. The muscles could not have relaxed much after first contracting, else the hand would have fallen.—Braniff Times.

### An Electric Lawn Party.

An electric lawn party was given a few days ago by one of the leading electricians of the country at his residence in Connecticut. As the visitor was ushered into the cabin hall he was greeted with music from an electric organ. An open box of cigars lay on the center table, and overlooking it was an electric cigar lighter. On the sideboard, in an electric basket, the fragrant Bobas was brewing, and novel and almost weird effects of electric lighting were visible all around, while the air was cooled with electric fans. Two objects of unique interest, taken side by side, were one of the first photographs and the very last perfected instrument made. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, ignited by electricity direct from the lighting circuit, a thing never before attempted. The fireworks, which were taken about 150 yards from the house, were lighted from the piano by the turning of a small electric switch in the hands of a lady.—Exchange.

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